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COMMENTARY

UPON

Mr P O P E's

ESSAY on MAN

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COMMENTARY

UPON

Mr *POPE*'s Four Ethic Epistles,

INTITLED,

An ESSAY on MAN.

WHEREIN

His SYSTEM is fully Examined.

BY

Monsieur DE CROUSAZ,

Counsellor of the Embassies from his Majesty the King of Sweden, and Landgrave of *Hesse-Cassel*; formerly Governour to his most Serene Highness *Frederick* Prince of *Hesse*; and Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of *Paris* and *Bourdeaux*.

Translated from the *French* Original, printed at *Geneva*, with Remarks.

L O N D O N,

Printed for E. CURLL, at *Pope's-Head* in *Rose-Street*, *Covent-Garden*. 1738.



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P R E F A C E.



MR *De Croufaze's* Advice to the Reader is such an Attack on Mr *Pope*, through the Sides of the *Abbé Du Resnel*, that we shall translate it *verbatim*.

“ The Author of this little
 “ Work is infinitely far from be-
 a “ ing

“ ing ashamed of his Zeal in the
 “ Defence of Religion.* The
 “ Letter you are going to read
 “ shews the Occasion and Motives
 “ of this Commentary. The
 “ *Abbé Du Resnel*, without doubt,
 “ never thought of composing his
 “ Poem merely to please *Liber-*
 “ *tines*: But the Heart of Man
 “ having but too great a leaning
 “ to Incredulity, too much Care
 “ and Pains cannot be taken to
 “ root up the Pretexts to its
 “ Doubts, and drive away all Op-
 “ portunities of confirming them.
 “ It was with this View that the
 “ Com-

* The Letter is so long, containing no fewer
 than 25 Pages, and at the same Time so dry and
 unaffecting, that we did not think it worth a
 Translation.

“ Commentary appeared necessary
 “ to him that composed it.”

HERE is a formal Sentence passed upon the *Essay on Man*, the Justice or Injustice of which is Mr *Pope*'s Business to consider of; but we think Mr *De Crousaz* is under some Sort of Obligation, to shew us by what Figure in Speech it is, he confesses in his Introduction, which we have passed over as not very material, that he does not understand *English*, and yet takes several Opportunities to call Mr *Du Resnel* an *able*, an *elegant* Translator, &c.

THAT *able* and *elegant* Translator himself had no *English*, but what we presume he learned from two obscure *Irishmen*, who, themselves, never had the Advantage of

English Conversation, nor enough of the Language of *England*, even to qualify them for the Business they are still retained for by the *French* Ministers of State, *viz.* to translate the Daily and Weekly News Papers published in *London* : But wherever Mr *Du Resnel* learned his *English*, either from these or abler Masters, it is demonstrable from several Passages of his Translation, that he did not thoroughly understand his Author, and this Defect in him has very often set Mr *De Croufaz* at Loggerheads with Windmills, when he thought he was engaged Hand-to-Fist with Giants.

BUT still there is enough of the Commentary which may much more properly be called a Critical Satire on the *Essay on Man*, to set
Mr

Mr *Pope* to Work; and had we not been persuaded, that he will think his Honour engaged to make some Reply or other, to the heavy Charge brought against him by a *Frenchman*, we would have enlarged the Remarks we made in translating *Croufax*, to whom we have endeavoured to be impartially just in our Translation.

THE same Impartiality and Justice obliges us to ask Mr *De Croufax*, as he had two *French* Translations of Mr *Pope*'s Essay on Man in his Hands, why he did not take the Prose to comment upon rather than the Verse, since he did not understand *English*? To this he has, indeed, answered, in advance; he loves Verse better than Prose, and therefore his Humour directed

his Choice. But we fancy he might have given a better Reason; for tho' he did not understand our Language, he could not but be sensible that a Prose Translation was more likely to keep close to the Sense of the Original than one in Verse: This was the Reason then why he chose the latter, as affording him more Opportunities to display his own self-boasted Talents in criticizing Mr *Pope*.

E R R A T A.

Page.	Line.	Read.
6	19	to be bounded,
<i>Ibid.</i>	23	may pass
57	23	if we understood

✍ The COMMENTARY of Monsieur DE CROUSAZ upon Mr POPE's *Second* EPISTLE is in the Press; and in the *Conclusion* of this *Work* will be subjoined the *various Readings* of its *several Editions*, with REMARKS thereon.



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imposed on for near four Years, it is
now thought proper to recite the par-
ticular Contents of these Volumes, to
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A
COMMENTARY
UPON
Mr P O P E's
ESSAY on MAN.

EPISTLE I.

A Wake my * LÆLIUS, leave all meaner things
To low Ambition and the Pride of Kings.
Let *us* (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die.)
Expatriate free, &c.

THESE Lines seem not only to discover a
Discontent, but something more *satirical* against
Grandeur; intimating that *Happiness* is not to
be found in a *Court-Life*. Whereas the *Mo-*
A *deration*

* The Author, in some late Editions, has substituted *Saint-John*,
instead of *Lælius*, to compliment the Lord *Bolingbroke*, but it ren-
ders the Verse much less harmonious than it was before,

deration of a Writer, who undertakes to prescribe Rules of *Morality*, ought to prepossess in favour of his Work: If he speaks with the *Authority* of a Master, he only renders his *Precepts* the more insupportable. A modest, reserved Stile is becoming, especially when we speak of the Great. So many Men unite to shake their Virtue, that they are the more worthy of Admiration when they continue firm in it, and the more to be pitied when they go astray.

WHEN a Man takes to the Court through Motives of Ambition, to have the pleasure of domineering over his Fellow-Subjects, and to see himself respected by the first Rank; instead of finding his Happiness there, he is exposed to a thousand Disappointments, and becomes a Prey to a thousand Sorts of uneasiness. But he who proposes nothing in a Court-Life but to render himself really useful to his Prince and his Country, and lays hold on all Opportunities which happen that way, without any View of Praise or Reward, equally zealous to discharge those Duties which are never to come to the Knowledge of any other Person, as well as those that are to be known by all the World; enjoys, in his constant Probity, the sweetest of Calms; possessed of a Virtue which nothing discourages, and which always supports itself, even tho' neglected.

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BUT if the Tranquillity of Retirement has more Charms than a Life in which we cannot avoid being every Day a witness of a thousand shocking things, and in which Virtue is reduced to the Resistance of almost continual Attempts; I conceive that we may grow weary of such a Life and that it is natural to think of retiring. Such are the Dispositions in which I suppose a *great Wit*, whose works have render'd him famous, and a *Lord* whose Talents have shined in the Ministry.

I AM resolved to follow them; and the more easily to improve my self by the Light they are going to acquire; I suppose my self one of their *Valets de Chambre*. My Happiness goes on equally with theirs, whereas it would be very inferior to it at Court.

Expatriate free, o'er all this *Scene of Man*,
A mighty Maze! but not without a Plan;
A Wild, where Weeds and Flowers promiscuous shoot,
A Garden, tempting with forbidden Fruit.

Behold a Medley! even of Oppositions, the Truth of which I acknowledge; Oppositions which disturb me, and from the clearing up of which I hope for the most satisfactory Calm.

Together let us beat this ample Field,
Try what the open what the covert yield.

It is what I expect with Impatience ; but I foresee that this Impatience for the Light will last some time. New Antitheses are about to redouble my Darkness and my Fears. What am I going to hear !

The latent Tracks the giddy Heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep or fightless soar ;
Eye Nature's Walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise ;
Laugh where we *must*, be candid where we *can*,
But vindicate the Ways of *God* to Man.

Say first, of *God* above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know ?
Of Man what see we but his Station here,
From which to reason or to which refer.
Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
He who through vast Immensity can pierce,
See Worlds on Worlds compose one Universe,
Observe how System into System runs,
What other Planets, and what other Suns ?
What vari'd Being peoples every Star ?
May tell, why Heaven made all things as they are.
But of this Frame the Bearings and the Ties,
The strong Connections, nice Dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading Soul
Look'd thro' ? or can apart contain the whole ?
Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by *God* or *Thee* ?

We have here a Plan of Explanations that still heighten my Impatience : I am attentive to each Expression ; and I learn at last that to arrive at the Light after which I sigh, I must look for and eye *Nature's Walks*. These Expressions

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Expressions are very Metaphorical and adopt the *Sublime*, but my Heart wishes for the *Clear* and the *Simple*. What Idea must I substitute to this Phrase *eye Nature*, the Guide that is proposed to me? Are the Bodies that surround me expressed by it. The Word *Nature* is frequently made use of in this Sense; but here it will not do. By *Nature* shall I understand the Crowd of Mankind, whose Example leads me along and often seduces me? Shall I give to this Name certain secret Inclinations from which I sometimes find Good and often Evil? Must I extend it to my impetuous Passions, which are seldom useful, but generally hurtful to me? Shall I ascribe it to the Light of my Reason? But it is not yet decided by what Character we must distinguish the deceitful from the true Light. To follow Nature, will it be in my power? To tread in the Road which Men agree to approve, but where shall I find that Agreement; and in what shall I make them agree?

By Nature must I understand the Universal Cause of all Spirits and Bodies? Let them teach me the means to assure myself of its Steps, and to separate what there is a Foundation to attribute to it, from what would be wrong to attribute to it.

I HAD hopes given me of seeing the pure Light called back and collected together;

and also the Presumptuous Man who believes himself capable of all things, and the Indolent, who, to free himself from the Labour of Thought, chuses to despise every thing to which it might lead. I expected a great deal and am as yet in possession of nothing. However I don't lose Courage; Promises grow upon me: They will shew me how to live, and, above all things, to think justly of the Creator, his Will, and the Establishments he has made. This is still infinitely better than only to know him simply and fix there.

THE last Ideas are borrowed from Sir *Isaac Newton's* System: They have more than once made Allusions to it that were not equally just. A profound Study of that System would have run the risk of cooling a very poetick Vein. The Effects of Attraction ought to be bounded and very moderate, or all the Universe would be immediately reduced into a very compact heap. But that is an Episode which I, as a Hearer of Morality, my pass over without hurting my Design.

Presumptuous Man! the Reason wouldst thou find
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind;
First, if thou can'st, the harder Reason guess
Why form'd no weaker, blinder and no less?
Ask of thy Mother Earth, why Oaks are made
Taller or Stronger than the Weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent Fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

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Here I am as far from my point and my Hopes as ever. I flatter'd myself that I should be fully instructed concerning my Destiny ; but instead of keeping their Word they murder me with Questions, and refuse me Instruction until I have answer'd these Physical Problems.

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess
That wisdom infinite must form the *best*,
Where all must *full* or not *coherent* be,
And all that rises, rise in due Degree ;
Then, in the Scale of Life and Sense, 'tis plain
There must be, *somewhere*, such a Rank as *Man* ;
And all the Question (wrangle 'ere so long)
Is only this, if God *has plac'd him wrong* ?

Mr *du Resnel Abbé des Sept Fontaines* was in the right to observe in his Preface (*pag. 26.*)

' That the English love to give room for
' thinking, even in the least of their Wri-
' tings, and believe they please the Reader
' when they always leave him something to
' guess.'

Mr *Pope* has followed this Practice in the place we are now come to, and done the honour to those that read him, of simply insinuating to them that *they must look for God only in this World*: He supposes them capable of unravelling this Thought, of mounting up to his Principles and then pushing it farther. If this Earth and the Objects that display themselves about it, presented nothing but
what

what the Mind of Man might perfectly comprehend at first Sight, the Work would not sufficiently declare the Character of its infinite Author. But if every thing was obscure here, it would be so far from making him known, and assuring the human Mind, quite imperfect as it is, of his Existence and Perfections, that it would absolutely conceal him. We immediately perceive that it would be extravagant, and throw the Mind into a total Confusion, to look upon so much Order, so much Connection, so much Symmetry as the mere result of Causes that had not proposed any one Design to themselves, and were ignorant of what they were doing. If ever Thought was contradictory to itself, it is evidently found to be so in the Supposition that the first Cause may effectually exist, but might also have not existed: For, in that Case a Cause must have determined it *to be* rather than not *to be*; from whence it follows that it would not have been the first Cause. It is then in the Cause, and not out of it, that we must look for the Foundation of its Existence. If we ask why the supreme Cause exists: The Answer is, because to say it does not exist implies a Contradiction; it is Reality itself, Reality complete; the Eternal Being complete, in which no true Perfection is wanting. We are forced to confess that he exists, and this has given Oc-

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casion to call his Existence, a necessary Existence; which is very true, very well said, and very justly thought in one Sense. But we may likewise abuse this Expression; and we abuse it the Moment we suppose God subject to any Necessity. He is not subject to any thing whatever: He is not dependent on any thing whatever: He is perfectly and infinitely sufficient to himself. Infinitely powerful, he can do every thing he pleases. Infinitely intelligent, he knows and is sensible of his infinite Perfections. He has the Ideas of all things to which his Power can give *Being*; and when he sees what he found proper for him to make, he receives no new Impression at all from it; All the Efficacy of a Creature is but a result of the Divine Power. He saw in himself what a Creature would be, and what it would do, before he gave it a Being. Sufficient in himself, standing in need of nothing; his Perfections did not in any Manner necessarily determine him to the Formation of *Beings*. It was not possible for any of them to add the least Degree to his Happiness; for, in this Case, if he had not formed them he would have wanted something.

It was by a Choice altogether free, and infinitely free, by his infinite Goodness that he determined with himself to give Existence to Creatures. The Instant he was pleased to resolve

resolve the Creation of the Universe, he saw that the more perfect the Work, the more worthy it would be of him: But it is too bold and too rash a Conclusion to infer from thence, that among all the Ideas which his Intelligence could form of several Universes, one of them through absolute Necessity is made so perfect, that the infinite Intelligence could not form the Idea of another that might equal it. It is therefore by a free Choice that he has given Being to this of which we make a part.

HIS infinite Intelligence found it proper to give Existence to Creatures that might answer to the infinite Diversity of his Ideas. He has formed insensible Creatures that exist without knowing it: He has formed others capable of Sentiment; and he has given Existence to intelligent Beings, he has made them free and active: Their Knowledge, their Liberty, and their Activity, are in different Degrees of Force and Perfection, according to the different Classes into which he has distributed them.

THE Intelligent Creatures had Power to make a good use of their Liberty; they had also Power to abuse it, which Man happen'd to do: This Truth discovers to us the Source of the astonishing Medley of Perfections and Imperfections, of Light and Darknes, of Virtues and Vices, which we behold on the Earth.

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So that these Words, *that Wisdom infinite must form the best*, might be interpreted with too great a Latitude; and therefore to avoid that Fault, we must, 1. Abstain from supposing the Perfections of the Eternal Being necessarily determined to create rather than not create, to give Existence to one *Whole*, such as we see it, rather than to another which would have been different from it; but which, every thing reckoned, that is to say, all comparison made, would not have been less perfect.

It is impossible that what was drawn out of Nothing, and has received *Being*, can equal the Perfection of the Eternal Cause of it which never had Beginning. Now, as one *Whole* is finite in Perfection, there may be others, the Union of whose parts may amount to an equal Degree of Perfection.

2. NEITHER must we imagine, that each Portion of the Universe is so essential a piece, that if it was wanting, such a want would inure the infinite Wisdom of its Author, and that his Work would suffer by it. A little Flesh-Worm or two more or one less, one Horse more or one less, a Mountain more or a Mountain less, would that disfigure the Work? *The Islands* are represented to us as scatter'd in the Sea by the Hand of the Almighty; it depended upon him to have made the Number of them more or less, and this

Truth may be extended to the Planets, and to all the inhabited or inhabitable Earths. Nothing is more agreeable to the supreme Cause, sufficient in itself, than a Sovereign Liberty ; that Cause, in its different Choices, is still God Almighty, God all Happy, and God most wise and most holy.

A Monarch finds it proper to coin Gold pieces of 30, 15, 10, and 5 Shillings ; his Neighbour coins others of 40, 20, 10, and 5 ; and in the Dominions of a third the Gold is in pieces of 6, 12, 24, and 30 Shillings. Each Monarch has a Right to coin as he pleases, and it would be Madness in any Man to break his Brains with Combinations, for deciding which of the Princes shews most Wisdom or has the best Understanding. This is not a proper Subject to give proofs of either, it being only Matter of mere Choice.

IN fine, we ought to prescribe to our selves quite another sort of Duty, that is, not to confound the immediate Effects of the supreme Cause, with those arising from created Intelligences when they abuse their Liberty.

MR *Pope's* Expressions are vague, and as such *may* present the true Meaning : His *
able

* However able Mr *Croufax* may take the Translator to be, and however ambitious the Translator himself was to shew the Force of his Language in poetical matters, there is no more comparison to be made between the Translation and the Original, as to Harmony, than between the croaking of a Frog and the singing of a Nightingale.

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able Translator, willing to shew what our Language can likewise do in poetical matters, has borrowed vague Ideas from his Original, and expressed them the same Way, without imposing the necessity on his Reader of taking him in a contrary Sense. Accordingly, in the Gradations of a World, the Question is established, *Whether God has placed Man wrong in it*; and from its Generality, the Question is reduced to a Precision. God, as a Master at full Liberty, has, according to his own liking, regulated the Gradations of the parts that compose the whole. Nothing more then remains, but to make us comprehend, that in this Gradation Man possesses the place proper for him, and, especially, that it is agreeable to the Equity as well as the Liberty of his Creator. To this Question Mr *Pope* gives the following Answer :

Respecting *Man* whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to *All*.
 In human Works, though labour'd on with Pain,
 A thousand Movements scarce one Purpose gain ;
 In God's, One single can its *End* produce,
 Yet serves to second too some *other Use*.
 So Man, who here seems Principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some Sphere unknown,
 Touches some Wheel, or verges to some Gole ;
 'Tis but a part we see and not a whole.

A Man must seem to me to be very good
 natured indeed, to take this for a satisfactory

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Answer.

Answer. In Man are Evils or Physical Imperfections, and also Evils or Moral Imperfections. Now these Evils are what renders the Question of great Importance ; it is a very astonishing Subject. Let us begin with the Physical Evils. The more attentive we are to them, the more we shall find it incredible that the Megrims, the Head-ake, the Tooth-ake, the Gravel, the Stone, the Gout, the Palsy, the Weakness of Childhood, and the Infirmities of old Age, the Stupidity of some, the Fury of others, and the Chimeras of the Inhabitants of Bedlam, are Physical Circumstances, from which the Totality of the Universe reap an Advantage, and which carry their Influences so far.

THE View of the Moral Evils redoubles the Difficulties ; for, in short, what Fruits can the most fertile Imagination suspect, that the Totality of the Universe gather from Cheats and Thieves ; from Poisoners, Calumniators, Perjurers, and Murderers ; from Violations and Impurities against Nature ? Were all these Gradations absolutely necessary in the World to prevent its having any Vacuum, or taking too rough and hasty a Tumble ?

MR *Pope* seems to have an extream Inclination to look upon the Universe as one *Whole* composed of Parts so exactly linked

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together, that nothing can be displaced without taking away a Prop from all the rest, and putting it in danger of being overturned: This is carrying the System extravagantly far; and a Man would have trouble enough to imagine a Physick, from the Foundations of which such a Linking could result. A Machine extremely well composed with all its Parts in these reciprocal Dependences, would certainly be the Effect of a great Attention and as great a Dexterity; but we should regret the time employed in a Work so easy to be entirely destroyed.

WHEN we propose to study Man, to arrive at the Knowledge of him, * *to sound the Depth of his dark Heart*, Retreat is of use; in it we more easily become attentive to the Inclinations of that Heart, and read its interior with less Distraction. But all the Knowledge of a Man, who knows nothing but what he learned from himself, is commonly too limited, and several Things escape him. In matters of Fact we ought to instruct our selves by Experience, and if we are not in a Capacity to do so, we must consult those who have tried that Method and reaped Benefit by it; And as to what
B 2 regards

* This is one of the Translator's many Flourishes, not to be found in Mr Pope; this Criticism is then more properly on the Translation than the Original: However, as it is not bad we insert it.

regards Events we are obliged to read History. If our illustrious Travellers, whom I suppose to be entirely simple Philosophers, and bounded by those Conjectures which Reason is capable of making, after having quitted the Court to study Man, his Nature, his Duties, and his Destiny, had followed this reasonable Maxim, they would have informed themselves of the Fall of Man in an antient History, which very able persons have demonstrated to be altogether worthy of Credit.

BEFORE supposing that God made Man in the Beginning such as we now see him, they should have begun by asking themselves, *How it happen'd that the first Man, the Chief of Human Kind, in receiving Existence, was not formed with the happy want of Power to abuse his Liberty?*

To this Question it is easy to answer, that the Creator is the supreme Arbiter of his Gifts, and that he distributes them with what Restrictions he pleases. It was sufficient for Man to be * born with Power to make a good use of his Gifts and his Liberty, and it was a great Honour, an immense Honour, that his Sovereign Master would be pleased with his voluntary Love and Obedience.

BUT why are Infants born disposed to chuse Evil? Why do they fall into hands which, far
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from endeavouring to rectify what is amiss or defective in their Dispositions, let those Dispositions grow habitual by their neglect, and increase them by their Example, and all the Effects of a bad Education ?

AN entire Class of Intelligences, of great Power and great Activity, withdrew themselves from the Submission they owed to their Creator ; those Intelligences chose rather to follow their own Humour. Perhaps the Marvel of their Creation, and their springing out of Nothing, appeared to them as an Event altogether incredible ; or perhaps they looked upon themselves to be the Result of some Destiny. But in whatever Manner it was they rebelled, the supreme Being did not think proper to annihilate them ; he chose rather to make them feel the Effects of his Wisdom and Power, and afterwards of his Justice, in the overthrow of all their Projects, which should not end but to their Confusion, and the Issue of which should be quite contrary to what they proposed to themselves.

MAN'S Disobedience did not go without Punishment : It was fit that Man, become a Sinner, should fall from the Happiness designed for Man persevering in Innocence. But Man, from innocent is become a Sinner, because he has been seduced, and yet the Seducer has not gained his point. Fallen Man became an Object of Compassion ; his

Life was prolonged that he might obtain a better by his Repentance, and perpetuate to his Descendants the Remembrance of what he had seen.

THE perfect Intelligence of God and his infinite Equity very exactly discern, in the Disorders of Infants and Adults, what may be imputed to them from what they are to be pitied for; and in this Discernment the Balance always leans to the Mercy Side. There would be Impiety in the Thought, that God produces Moral Evil, and gives Birth to Vice, in order to draw Good from it. But that Evil, of which it is not possible that he has been the Cause, gives Room for a new Exercise of his Virtues.

FROM thence therefore, the blessed Intelligences have seen a new Order of Creatures arise: They begin to exist in Darkness and Ignorance; they live in Infirmities and Imperfections which vary in a thousand different Shapes, and which prove that their Life has a great many condemnable parts in it. But they are born with the wonderful Talent of being able to enlighten and correct themselves, to advance in Knowledge and Virtue; and, in a word, to acquire what they want, and labour themselves towards their own Perfection. They enquire for the Source of their Being, as it were in groping
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for it; but yet they find it, * *and the Universe displays to their Eye-Lids, though weak, a Light of sufficient Lustre.* Interior Sentiments further instruct them, and discover the Will of their Maker, these are proofs that God calls them to please him, and offers them his Grace; and the Assistance which he grants, when they demand it, finishes the work of convincing them.

I return to my first Supposition; I fancy myself in the Train of those two great Genius's, and as a recompence of my Attachment and Fidelity in their Service, I expect that they will communicate some of their Discoveries to me; I take the Liberty, at last, to put them in mind of it. † *You have promised to discover to Man his Virtues and his Vices, and the Indiscretion of his Vows. Your Fire has carried you very far from this Plan, of such Concernment in itself. Keep your Word, and begin with me, I beseech you. Instruct me in the Laws from which I am not permitted to stray. Teach me what I ought to desire, what End I ought to propose to myself, and what Fate I must expect.*

BUT

* This is mere play of Words in the Translation, no where to be found in the Original.

† All this is the pert Babble of a Frenchman; the Original no way authorizes it, though it must be owned the Translation is in some Measure: By which we may judge of the Goodness of it.

BUT what do I hear? An Answer that throws me flat on my Back, and is just ready to extinguish all my Hopes.

When the proud Steed shall know, why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the Plains ;
When the dull Ox why now he breaks the Clod,
Now wears a Garland, an *Ægyptian* God ;
Then shall Man's pride and Dullness comprehend
His Actions, Passions, Being, Use, and End ;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity ?

Here behold me sent far enough for Instruction ; they have given me the Horse for my Preceptor, and the Ox for my Parish-Priest ; and I may count upon living in Ignorance as long as those two Doctors can't see into the Reasons of what they are made to do. The Emperor that named his Horse to be Consul was more a Beast than that Animal, and the Ox adored by the *Ægyptians* was less stupid than the Kings who gave themselves out to be Gods. The Contradictions then that dishonour Man, are not to cease until the Horse and the Ox cease to be Beasts ; and until then, Man will not know whether he falls, or does not fall into Contradiction. Does the Right of Poets extend so far as boldly to publish the greatest Paradoxes, provided they be deliver'd in pompous Expressions ?

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I have no need to wait until the Horse and the Ox shew themselves capable of reasoning, to be sensible of what passes within me; I find that I can make a good Use of my Liberty, and that I can likewise abuse it. Either one or the other happens to me, according as I am more or less attentive to my Duty, to the Discourses of Wise Men, and the good Examples they give. From what passes within myself, I may conjecture what passes in others. In proportion as we deliver ourselves up to Sensuality, or abandon ourselves to Pride, we forget not only what we are, but what we ought to be; we degrade ourselves in living like Brutes, we break loose from all Law, and no longer acknowledge any Master. From one Excess to another we push Sensuality farther than Beasts, and yet we exact from Men that Respect which falls little short of Adoration. The Christian Religion therefore spreads its Light to us; it teaches us that God abandons those Persons that turn their Back upon him to a certain point, and that the Evil Spirits aspire at nothing more than to turn every thing topsy-turvy in us, and take full possession of our Minds.

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
 Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought;
 His Being measured to his State, and Place,
 His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.

This

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This is one of the most precipitate Conclusions that ever was drawn; the Horse and the Ox are perfectly ignorant of the Reasons why they are put to the Race or the Plough; We cannot therefore arrive at the knowledge whether we are perfect or imperfect, nor in what degree we are either one or the other. I don't know what the Horse and the Ox think; therefore I don't know what I think myself, and it is useless for me to endeavour to get myself better instructed.

BUT upon what does Mr *Pope* found his Decision, *Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought*; from whence has he received this profound Knowledge? Has he forgot that the Mind and Wit of Man is *little and blind*? * *Has he then assisted in the Heavenly Council.* Mr *Pope's* Expressions are vague and equivocal. God formed Man such as it was convenient for him to be: Man degraded himself; it was his fault and not the Work of God: The Touches in him *that declare the Wisdom of his Author, are the Remains of his first State.*

† A

* These are not Mr *Pope's* Words but the Translator's: the Original says,

‘ Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
‘ And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?’

† *A more perfect Condition would not be fit for him.* Could a Man advance any thing bolder, and consequently more opposite to the frequent Censures which Mr *Pope* himself gives of rash Decisions? Are all Men equally perfect, physically and morally? Can it be said of a blind, or a lame, or a crook-back'd Man, of a Drunkard, a Cheat, or a Perjurer, *that a more perfect State would not be fit for him?* A Proposition so little expected, requires very strong Proofs, and here behold all that Mr *Pope's* amount to: *His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.* Is then an Exaggeration proved by Figurative Expressions; Expressions which if taken in the plain Meaning of the Letter are still more Hyperbolical and visibly false? And what shall we call throwing Dust in peoples Eyes, if we spare this Censure of such a Proof?

Was it worth the Pains of quitting the Court to raise up so fine a Discovery? Life is but a Moment, and we are too blind to be able to decide whether what passes in it is good or bad; Let us then make the most of this

† Mr *Pope's* Words are,

His *Being* measur'd to his State and Place,

which words cannot bear such a turn as the Translator has given; the part of the Criticism is then consequently on the *Abbé des Fontaines*, and not strictly on Mr *Pope*.

this Moment while it lasts, and, incapable of arriving at a solid knowledge of Truth, let us put an End to our Uneasiness by delivering ourselves up to Luxury and Pleasure, for which a Court-Life is, of all Sorts, the fittest.

I fancy I see a Circle of pretended Philosophers, who having undertaken to come to the Knowledge of Man, and, having a long time beat the Bush in looking for it, conclude him to be a Heap of Contradictions; that if we chuse to deny his being perfect, it is no more than what we see and he is what he ought to be; it would not be fit for him to be any more; his Life ought to be reckon'd as no more than a Moment, because it slips from him with so much Rapidity. If the very Moment in which this Conclusion is fixed, so improper to satisfy the Enquiries of the Heart, a Servant comes to tell them that *Dinner is on the Table*, up suddenly starts the Circle and every Member of it runs to the Solid. They leave their deep Speculations behind them, to give themselves over to Gaiety and Mirth, over which no important scruple will cast any Trouble; for this Philosophy admits of none.

Heaven from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate
All but the Page prescribed, their *present State*,
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know
Or who could suffer Being here below?

These

These last Verses present a whole Heap of Equivocations.

To be curious to penetrate into Futurity, and be informed before hand of all the Events that shall succeed one another, is a Curiosity that no way becomes us; and if you please to give it the name of Pride I shall not oppose you. But an ardent Desire to know without Obscurity, if our Creator has placed us in this World to live in it under certain Laws, and what are those Laws to which he has subjected us, is not Pride; on the contrary, it is Duty, it is Humility and Submission.

Heaven from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate, is not the Stile of a Philosopher; it is the Language of Homer, who made every thing, even the Divinity itself, subject to Fate. *From Brutes what Men, &c.* Thick * Clouds then do not always cover that Book from us, and the Knowledge of what God is pleased to reveal to us ought to be the object of our Desires.

BUT *without that Ignorance of the Future could Man live in any Tranquillity?* Why not, if he places his Confidence in God, and lives resigned to his Will? Heroick Minds know very well that they are destined to a grievous
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* This is an Addition of the Translator's.

and shameful Death according to the World;
but, nevertheless, without the least distur-
bance of Soul, they apply themselves to the
Performance of their Duty.

The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy *Reason*, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops the flow'ry Food,
And licks the Hand just rais'd to shed his Blood.
Oh Blindness to the Future! kindly given
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,

Beasts give very strong Indications that they
dread Blows, that they fear Pain; But as to
Death, we perceive nothing in them that
proves they have any Idea or Apprehension
of it.

BUT as to Man's Part; to reflect upon
Death and consider it as unavoidable, are
great Helps to him towards conducting his
Life wisely and ending it happily. Here
Reason agrees with Religion, and we must
equally abstract from the Light of Both to
cry out

Oh Blindness to the Future! kindly given

especially when we add

That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n.

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This supposes that if Men were made acquainted with their Destiny, they would do their utmost to avoid it, and prevail too in their Endeavours; for without that Ignorance of the Future, Heaven could not guide every Being to fill, each, the Circle marked for it. This is, however, a Consequence that cannot take place, if it is impossible for Man to dispose freely of his Force and his Activity. But the Dogma of *Fatality* drags us into Contradictions; as soon as we lose sight of it good Sense leaves it, and the Books of the Stoicks prove this in almost every Page: The Beauty of their Morality is established upon quite opposite Foundations.

GOD has given Men sufficient Talents for forming upon Subjects, not above their Power, Conjectures solid and just enough for regulating their Conduct wisely and happily, and even for giving useful Advice to such as stand in need of it.

NEVERTHELESS, God, who sees into Futurity infinitely clearer than Men, and who holds all Events in his hand, often, through Goodness to them, does not permit their Projects to succeed as they propose, because that Success would be less advantageous to them. Much oftener still does he dash all the Pride and Rashness of their Undertakings to pieces. In this Respect Men abuse their Liberty: One while they perswade themselves of the

Certainty of whatever pleases them, without having the least reasonable Proofs of it, and another time, warned to avoid the Misfortunes that threaten them, they refuse to submit to Advice that does not please them. Of this we have an astonishing Example in the Conduct of the Israelites, a little before their Captivity.

BUT there is another sort of Fate, into which it is of infinite Importance to Men to get a sure Light, and which the Goodness of God never will fail to grant them, if they seek it with a zealous and sincere Heart.

By Mr *Pope's* Confession, the Marks of the Wisdom and Goodness of God shine in his Works, and in Man in particular. These are Truths which he most pompously displays in his Verses.

WISDOM directs always to one End. Since then God has given us Feet, he would have us make use of them to walk with, to convey us whither it is proper for us to go. The Eye is given us to see with, and the Organs of Voice invite and engage us to speak. We need only be attentive to ourselves and to what is about us, and the Light of our Destination will encrease to Infinity.

IN vain would the infinite and all-powerful Goodness of our Creator have loaded us with Presents if we did not love ourselves; there would

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would be nothing in us but Insensibility: He will have us love ourselves, that is to say, according to the just Definition of the Term, he will have us esteem ourselves, he will have us eager to procure Advantages for ourselves. Now what is there estimable in us? What God has placed there. We are his Work, and by that we find ourselves worthy of our own Attachment, and worthy of our own Respect: From thence it is that we fear to dishonour ourselves. We find that we are capable of Gratitude, and to what Object ought we rather to direct our Gratitude and our Thanks, than to the Great Being from whom we hold every thing? What ought we to be more sensible of than the acquitting ourselves of what we owe him? What other Good can we procure for ourselves that deserves to be put in Comparison with the just, the glorious, the lively Satisfaction of offering him our Devotion and Attachment? His Power, his Wisdom, his infinite Goodness, which renders us capable of that Devotion and Attachment, will then approve of and accept them; What new Subjects for us of the most profound Returns of Thanks, and the most lively Admiration! He makes us capable of acquiring Knowledge, and what Knowledge can more contribute to the Perfection of our Nature than that of his Will? Would his infinite

Goodness refuse us the Power to discover, by what Obedience it would be possible to shew him our Zeal and Devotion? We need not soar up to Heaven, nor plunge into the Depths of the Abyfs, to arrive at that happy Discovery. His Laws are engraven in our Hearts. To endeavour to know them is already the first part of our Duty: This conducts us to love and adore the Source of that precious Knowledge, and to find our dearest Delights in our Submission to his Orders. We can offer him all that we are, but we can give him nothing. It is impossible for us to add any thing to the Plenitude of his Happiness, which is above all Want: But there are Creatures which he offers as Objects of our Assistance. All Men ought to be valuable and amiable in our Sight, because they are, like us, the Work of the Being which we adore, a Work of the same Order, and, like us, Objects of his Attention. It is thus that whole Morality opens itself by degrees to our Enquiries; and those divine Raptures which its Author gives us the Grace to feel in the Knowledge and Practice of the Precepts with which it enlightens us, finish the Work of fully convincing us of our Destination, and the End for which we are created. Behold then our Lot, as well as the Light afforded us, infinitely above the Ignorance of the Horse and the Ox; and
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this Happiness highly deserved to be celebrated by the Vein and all the Talents of the Poet whom I study, whose Verses, should we have ever so little Leaning to take them in a wrong Sense, would lead us directly into Discouragement and Indolence.

Who sees with equal Eye, as God of *All*,
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Systems, into Ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burst, and now a World !

Mr *Pope* may possibly confine himself to write for Wits more piercing than mine, and for that Reason, perhaps, I find Obscurity in Places where his favourite Readers don't perceive any. By the * *just Balance*, does he mean that of Equity in the Reward of Virtue and Punishment of Vice? or if by that *just Balance* he simply means the Attention of the Supreme Cause to preserve the *Æquilibrium* between the Parts that compose the great Machine of the World, it would suppose too much Conformity between the Ideas of the Supreme Cause and those of an Artificer; would that Cause be attentive that the Death of a Sparrow, or the Death of a Man might not break that *Æquilibrium*?

DOES

* This is the Translator's Way of rendering *equal Eye*, which he likewise has too in the next Line; or *sa juste Balance* is a Flight of his own.

DOES Mr *Pope* fancy that God is the immediate Author of every thing that happens, and that he equally directs the Powder and Shot that kill a Sparrow, and and the Dagger that abridges the Life of a Hero? The more Reputation an Author has, the more ought he to be upon his Guard not to let any thing slip from him, that the Enemies of Religion may take hold of.

IF he lays down as a Fact, that the unalterable Happiness of the Being infinitely perfect in itself, is no more affected by the Assassination of a Hero, than by the Fall of a Sparrow, every Man ought to think as he does.

BUT if he proceeds so far as to insinuate that these two Events, are Objects equally indifferent to the Supreme Being, he injures his Justice. It is permitted to kill a Bird, but it is criminal to attempt the Life of an innocent Man, and, with much greater Reason, a Life that has so much Influence on the Happiness of others.

WHAT he adds appears to have been merely imagined, in order to fill his Work with surprizing Antitheses, which even agree but very indifferently with the Dependence which he has established between the Parts of the Universe : One single Link of the great Chain being broke, would cause a *Confusion* that would extend itself even to the Throne of God.

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God. Would he then look with indifference
on Worlds falling into nothing ;

Hope humbly then ; with trembling Pinions soar ;
Wait the great Teacher Death, and God adore !

Let us take Care not to wait until then :
This Indolence is too criminal ; for as God,
in giving us a Being, impressed in us the
Love of ourselves, let us not prove ungrate-
ful to him for his Gifts, by an obstinate In-
dolence to our own Interests ; let us be as far
from taking the Stupidity and Extravagance
of Mr Pope's Indian, as the Ignorance of
his Horse and his Ox, for our Model ;
and let us not go to their Schools for In-
struction.

* What future Bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy Blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human Breast ;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest ;
The Soul uneasy and confin'd at home
Rests, and expatiates, in a Life to come.

† Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd Mind
Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind ;
His

* These six lines are not in the Translation ; how they came to
be passed over, the Translator knows best.

† As to these ten Lines, the Translator, tho' counted one of the
French First Rates, has hobbled out their Meaning within the Com-
pass of twenty four of his own ; but he has left their Spirit be-
hind him.

His Soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way,
 Yet simple Nature to his Hope has giv'n
 Behind the Cloud-topt Hill an humbler Heav'n,
 Some safer World in depth of Woods embrac'd,
 Some happier Island in the watry Waste ;
 Where Slaves once more their native Land behold,
 No Fiends torment, no Christians thirst for Gold.

Here I am plagued again to know what reasonable Meaning to give to the Word *Nature*: May I permit myself to believe that Mr *Pope* in this Place more clearly explains its signification? That Nature whose Voice we must respect, and whose Steps we must follow; that Nature whose Gifts we must take Care not to alter, is it the State of a *Mind* that has given itself no Cultivation, tho' God sent it into the World capable of 'cultivating itself, of labouring towards its own Perfection, and acquiring some sure Light? Ought the Lessons of Nature to go no farther than the Grossness and Ignorance of the Senses? This happy State of Nature, is it that of a Man who, without vouchsafing to take Advantage of the Assistance of his Reason, for surmounting what tires and fatigues him, delivers himself up without scruple to the most fantastick Imaginations? And should we even suppose the Mercy of God looking with Compassion on the Darkness of this poor *Indian*, could we suffer ourselves to think the same of the voluntary and obstinate
 Blindness

Blindness of those Men whom Pride, Voluptuousness, Aversion to Constraint, determine to refuse those Lights, to which it only depends upon themselves to give Entrance?

GOD gave us Life, and shall we be ungrateful enough to look upon such a Present with Indifference? It comes from God; how great then is its Price! if we esteem it as it deserves, if we love it according to its Value, shall we not wish for the Continuance of it? To wish for the Continuation of a Good, is not making an ill Use of the Knowledge we have of it? To desire the Continuation of our Existence, that we may continue to instruct ourselves in the Will of God, and wholly surrender ourselves up to that Submission of which he is worthy, are these Desires that do not become us, and might displease the Goodness of God? He has rendered us capable of enlightening ourselves; shall, then, of Admiration and Gratitude for his rich Present, shall we make any scruple to cultivate it? And will God be displeased with us, if we beseech him, with as much Ardour as Humility, to raise us to the knowledge of him, that we may adore him, with the greater Purity? Can any One give the Heart to interdict us these Ideas, and put them upon a Level with the Dreams of the blind *Indian*? Every Man that will give himself up to these Desires so just in them-

themselves, so worthy of the Excellence of the Nature we have received from God, and so conformable to his infinite Goodness, will find, by a happy and constant Experience, that we are born to think after this Manner.

MR *Pope* continuing to speak of the *Indian*, says in his Praise that

To be, contents his natural Desire,
He asks no Angel's Wing, or Seraph's Fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal Sky,
His faithful Dog shall bear him Company.

If, for equalling the Imaginations of the *Indian* to the Perswasions of a Christian, or only of a reasonable Man, MR *Pope* had affected to lend his Ideas and his Verse to that Savage, could he have made any other Use of them? The Poet even seems to give him the Preference, in saying, *He asks no Angel's Wing, or Seraph's Fire.*

MR *Pope* in heightening the Fire of his Poetry, by an Antithesis, ridicules the blessed Spirits as he goes on. The *Indian* much wiser than they, can do very well without Flame, * *Which devours at the same time that it nourishes.*

* MR *Pope* has nothing to do with these Words, they are one of the Translator's Flights, which the Critick is only exposing at the same time that he thinks he is demolishing MR *Pope*.

Go wiser Thou ! and in thy Scale of Sense
 Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence* :
 Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
 Say here he gives too little, there too much ;
 Destroy all Creatures for thy Sport or Gust,
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust,
 If Man alone, engross not Heav'n's high Care,
 Alone, made perfect here, immortal there :
 Snatch from his Hand the Balance and the Rod,
 Re-judge his Justice, Be the God of God !

Who is searching for Imperfection ? who
 supposes it to be where it is not, except
 Mr *Pope* himself, who places enlighten'd
 Spirits in a Class below Savages ?

IN the Conduct of God, we take care
 not to find, nor even to suspect, any Imper-
 fection ; but we find Imperfection enough,
 and even something more than Imperfection
 in the Conduct of Men, indolent to what
 ought to be the Object of their most lively
 Ardour ; all in a Flame for what deserves
 but very weak Desires, often even In-
 difference, and still oftener a total neglect.
 These Imperfections, these Disorders, are
 what we see with Regret ; the Sweetness of
 our Days is disturbed by them ; and if we
 seek any Comfort from them, it is only in
 our Care not to imitate them, and in our
 Zeal to raise those that have fallen into them,
 and prevent their Falls as much as lies in
 our Power. Will any Man dare to continue

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I saying

saying that this Choice of Conduct is not so wise as that of an Animal Life, entirely plunged in the present, and only mingled with some Imaginations without Proof, merely to drive Care away; that is to say to feed upon Illusions.

I must still have a Word more, as I go on, about that *happier Island where no Christians thirst for Gold*. Can Mr Pope take it ill, if we look with Horrour on an intolerable Piece of Rudeness that dishonours the Christian Name, by a real Antichristianity?

To whom does Mr Pope address himself in this long Period? Is it to those Presumptuous Men, who are continually straining themselves, and incessantly abusing the Fruitfulness of their Imaginations, merely to harass Christians with Objections against Providence? their Rashness and Impatience appear to us worthy of all the Censures with which Mr Pope very justly loads them.

BUT when he adds, *If Man alone, engrossed not Heav'n's high Care, Alone, made perfect here, immortal there*: he seems to me to go much too far; and his Expressions, at least, seem to speak a great deal more than he thinks. To those who exclaim against the Wisdom and Equity of Providence, in order to conclude from thence that there is no Providence at all, he joins in one and the same Period the Adorers of its Goodness. The

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latter acknowledge, that if God had deprived
 them of Life many years ago, he would
 have done no more than what they had de-
 served; but as he has preserved them, and
 continues to make them participate of his
 Favours, they therefore conclude that the
 Eye of the divine Goodness does not look
 upon them as odious Objects, as Objects
 irrevocably condemn'd, but as Objects of
 Pardon and Mercy; and that their sovereign
 Master preserves their Life for continuing
 their Repentance and increasing their Virtue.
 The Love of God succeeds all their former
 Strayings; they adore him with a Heart filled
 with Adoration, and looking upon these
 Sentiments, which predominate in them, to
 be convincing Proofs of his infinite Goodness
 and their Reconciliation, they humbly and
 ardently ask of him what he permits, and
 even commands them to ask.

Is there not here an Allusion to the
 Faith of Christians, whom *St Paul* declares
 sealed by the Holy Ghost for the Day of Re-
 demption? and in such a Case should we not
 border upon the irremissible Crime of the
Pharisees, who imputed the Miracles of Jesus
 CHRIST to the Power of *Beelzebub*, when we
 attribute the most precious Effects of the
 Divine Grace to a Spirit of Pride? Did
 Mr *Pope* never read the Scripture, or did he
 read it, like the Libertines, in nothing but a
 D 2 Spirit

Spirit of Criticism, to extract something from it to make a Jest of by profane Allusions? Our Hopes are never mentioned in the Scripture, but we immediately compare the Greatness of them with our own Unworthiness; and we never ground them but upon the entirely gratuitous Mercy of God, and the Fidelity of the Promises of his Grace, which we can never be weary of admiring. Under the old Covenant the Faithful already lived in these Sentiments, and to their Prayers joined the Humility of their Hopes. *O my God, said Nehemiah, be mindful of me, imploring God's Blessing on his Person and the Good he had done, and pardon me according to the Greatness of thy Mercy.*

MR Du Resnel presents Mr Pope to us as a good Catholick. Is it in the Mode of those who invite others to be so, in these Words; *stick close to the Body of the Tree; call yourself by our Name; and as to the rest live according to your own liking and think as you please.* A Christian ought to be in sovereign dread of making himself the Occasion of the Fall of those whose Faith is not sufficiently fixt; Why then, by bold and pompous Verses, expose them to the Danger of familiarizing themselves to profane Ideas? In a great Number of those who call themselves Christians there are still Shoots of Incredulity. The Heart of a corrupt Man loves

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loves every thing that tends to free it from
 Constraint ; and such as would not be the
 Author of certain Expressions, hear them
 without Repugnance in the Mouth of ano-
 ther. It is a great Subject of Mortification
 to Persons that do not deserve to be mortifi-
 ed, to see an Eagerness in others to read
 seducing and scandalous Books.

*SNATCH from his Hand the Balance
 and the Rod, Re-judge his Justice, Be the God
 of God.* These are horrors which we can-
 not impute to any but Libertines, up in
 Arms against Providence.

In reas'ning *Pride* (my Friend) our Error lies :
 All quit their Sphere, and rush into the Skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest Abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods,
 Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel :
 And who but wishes to invert the Laws
 Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Those proud, haughty Intelligences, whom
 we call *Demons*, importuned by a Submission
 which they found burthensome, would con-
 duct themselves according to their own Hu-
 mour, and receive no Law but from them-
 selves. God looks with Compassion on the
 deplorable State of Man, seduced by their
 Cunning and their Malice, and would do
 him more Good than they sought to do him
 Evil, and to put him above all Attempts

of Seduction, and out of all Danger of falling again, the Sovereign *Will* is to raise him to a Nature and a Perfection infinitely superior to his first Rank. Not then to be able to agree with Submission, thoroughly just as it is, and, with a Heart full of Admiration and Devotion, follow the Call of God, in hopes of seeing his eternal Laws reign in us and over us; are States so opposite, that we cannot help looking with as much Pity as Indignation on the Distractedness of a Man, who takes it in his Head to put two such contrary Conditions in a parallel of Equality.

Ask for what End the heavenly Bodies shine?
 Earth for whose Use? Pride answers, ' 'tis for mine:
 ' For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
 ' Suckles each Herb, and swells out ev'ry Flow'r;
 ' Annual for me, the Grape, the Rose renew
 ' The Juice nectareous and the balmy Dew;
 ' For me, the Mine a thousand Treasures brings
 ' For me Health gushes from a thousand Springs;
 ' Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise;
 ' My Footstool Earth, my Canopy the Skies.'

This is the Language of Pride carried to the greatest Excess of Extravagance, and it is not even conceivable that it ever came seriously out of any Man's Mouth.

To form some sort of Idea of the Elevation and the Immensity of God, it is said in figurative Terms, that *Heaven is his Throne,*
and

the Earth his Footstool: And these Ideas united present the Universe to us as the Temple of his Glory.

THE Creator has placed us on this part of the Universe which we call the Earth, and loaded us with exterior Goods and interior Gifts. Our Weakness finds itself here surrounded with a thousand and a thousand Helps, and he has made us a Present of an Industry, which puts us in a Condition to secure ourselves from every thing that can hurt us, and make use of every thing that can be of Advantage to us. A reasonable Man, becomes attentive to his Favours: His Heart is penetrated with Gratitude for them; he is sensible that he does not deserve them; his Gratitude redoubles; With thanksgivings he humbles himself under the favourable and Almighty Hand to which he owes himself: And in these Sentiments he finds the Greatness of his Happiness in knowing the Laws of his Creator, and living obedient to them.

To this just, but pretended proud, State, shall we oppose the humble Modesty of those who, to shake off so many Obligations that importune them, lower themselves to the Rank of Brutes, put themselves upon a Level with them, limit themselves to the gross Delights of an Animal Life, and, to give full Swing to the present, without any Uneasiness about

about Futurity, permit, for that Purpose, Illusions without Proof, and a Tranquillity without Foundation ; letting themselves be carried away by the Bent of their Desires, without opposing any other Barriers to them, than the fear of Imprisonment, Transportation, or the Gallows ; and if that does not confine them too much, some Care besides for prolonging their Days and preserving their Health ?

But errs not Nature from this gracious End,
From burning Suns when livid Deaths descend,
When Earthquakes swallow, or when Tempests sweep
Towns to one Grave, and Nations to the Deep ?
‘ No (’tis reply’d) the first Almighty Cause
‘ Acts not by partial but by gen’ral Laws ;
‘ Th’ Exceptions few ; some Change since all began ;
‘ And what created perfect ?’ — Why then *Man* ?

If we suppose that Mr *Pope* has any sort of Chain in his Periods, or any Connection in his Thoughts, we must look upon what we have just read as a Continuation of Censures against Men, who imagine themselves to be, more particularly than brute Animals, Objects of Divine Providence. But every Thing he alledges as a Proof is without Force.

THE Scourges which God makes Use of, are not Events that serve to keep up the Relation which the Parts of the Universe have to one another, where they seem to spread Disorder ;

Disorder ; they are none of the Physical Goods, necessary for the Preservation of the Whole. Their Commission and End is to punish, chastise, and correct Men.

AND what created perfect ? Into what Labyrinths do not a precipitate System, and Suppositions destitute of a solid Foundation, throw a Man ? God, says the System, inevitably determined to create a Universe, and to form it such as it is ; And Why ? because it ought to be the most perfect of all those of which the Ideas presented themselves to the Divine Intelligence. But ought so perfect a *Whole*, and necessarily worthy of Preference by that Perfection, to be exposed to Innundations, to Overturnings, to Plagues, to Famines ? Why not ? *Is there any thing here below that can be perfect ?* If there had been any possibility of making it more perfect, it would have been made so ; the Almightyness of God could go no farther. And still why so ? Did the *Nothing*, did the *Matter* drawn out of *Nothing*, refuse to contribute to a greater Perfection ? *slight Evils were necessary for producing great Good.* What we see most beautiful, the Light of the Day, the Order and Disposition of the Heavens, the most exquisite Fruits, the most wholesome Medicines, and an Infinity of admirable Parts, All owe the Continuation of their Lustre, and their Existence, to those Plagues, those

those Famines, those Overturnings and Confusions, that astonish us. It is by such Evils that great Goods are supported. It was not possible to put things in any other Order. All is linked together ; and a Megrim, a Catarrh, less would have spoil'd the whole.

If the *great End* be human Happiness,
And Nature deviates how can Man do less ?
As much that End a constant Course requires
Of Show'rs and Sunshine, as of Man's Desires,
As much eternal Springs and cloudless Skies,
As Men for ever temp'rate calm and wise.
If Plagues or Earthquakes break not Heav'n's Design,
Why then a *Borgia* or a *Cataline* ?
From Pride, from Pride, our very reas'ning Springs ;
Account for moral, as for natural Things ;
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit ?
In both to reason right is to submit.

Mr *Pope* lets fly from time to time, and even at every shot, Maxims so paradoxical, I don't say to a Christian alone, but to a reasonable Man, confirm'd in the Habit of living under Laws, and being pleased with a regular Morality, that we cannot avoid refusing those Ideas which he seems to have a Design to establish. We would willingly dispense with ourselves from believing that they are his ; but here the System discovers itself more clearly than we wish. *The Harmony of the World is kept up* by a Mixture of Principles, whose Jarrings and Squabbles are follow-

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* These v
quakes, as M

ed by happy Effects. *Why should not Man likewise contain Contradictions?* The Passions do not agree among themselves, and if they unite, it is only to revolt against Reason. Why should it be otherwise? since there is room for it, it must necessarily be. The Universe exacts that all *that is, should be.*

THE Diversity of Particles, distributed in the Air, the Earth, and the Water, gives Birth to Fermentations, and those Fermentations contribute to the Nourishment of Plants and Animals: These are the Means which the Creator makes Use of to this End. But what would the Universe lose if Men constantly followed the Light of Reason, and if the Passions caused no manner of Confusion? But that Confusion spreads no *Physical* Disorder, and still less does it preserve in the Universe the Order and Union of its Parts; It is a *Moral* Confusion which the Will might and ought to prevent, and which by that Means renders Man culpable and worthy of Chastisement.

* STORMS and Tempests never disturb that Order which ought to reign in the Universe, neither do they contribute in the least to the strengthening of it. It supports itself independent of these Irregularities, which do not

* These Words stand in the French instead of *Plagues* and *Earthquakes*, as *Nero* and *Cromwell* do instead of *Borgia* and *Catalins*.

not entertain, but make us admire, the Course of Movements, that preserve themselves regularly notwithstanding these little, thin-sown Irregularities.

GUILTY Heads, (for, at last Mr Pope acknowledges some; and can a Man be guilty, if he has no Liberty, if he has no Power to observe the Laws he violates, and refuse what leads him astray from them?) may cause great Disturbances in human Society, and make the Members of it suffer. But God, who does not make but only permits those Disorders, lets them happen for a Punishment to the Wicked, and a Trial to the Good; and sets such Bounds to them as he pleases. Mr Pope here brings in Pride, without any Necessity*.

GOD is the Author of natural Order, either immediately or mediately. A second Motion is the necessary Consequence of the first, and the third of the second. But as to Moral Evil, it is not the Consequence of any Necessity; God does not produce it either immediately or mediately.

WHY charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit? God is not chargeable, for he gives

* Here we omit some of the Criticism, because it is upon a few Lines of the Translation that neither show Mr Pope's Words nor his Meaning.

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no Birth to Moral Evil; † it cannot be imputed to him without Impiety.

Why does Mr Pope then undertake to reason, lift himself so high, and decide with so much Assurance on the greatest of all Subjects? If we will believe him in the Case, the sovereign Perfections of the eternal Being inevitably determin'd him to create this Universe, because the Idea of it was the most perfect of all the Ideas that represented Worlds. Nevertheless, *there is nothing perfect* in this Part of it that is assigned for our Habitation; It swarms then with Imperfections; it is God himself that has made them, and it could not possibly be that he could act otherwise. Mr Pope took care not to
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† We think this Piece of Criticism might have been spared; since Mr Pope says,

‘ In both to reason-right is to submit.

But, not altogether to condemn the Critick, we must lay some of the fault on the Abbé, who has translated the three last Lines of Mr Pope's Period thus:

La Raïson doit porter un jugement égal,
Sur l'Ordre naturel et sur l'Ordre moral
Le Ciel dans le premier vous paroît équitable
Pourquoi dans le second seroit-il condamnable ?
Sur ces Points, au dessus notre entendement,
L'Esprit ne peut former qu'un vain raisonnement.

This is as far from Mr Pope's strong Sense and Humility in the conclusion of his Period, as it is from the Beauty of his Poetry: and yet this is one of the Places where the Translator has kept closest to him, by the Help of his *French Circumlocutions*.

trace Man back to the Abuse he made of his Liberty ; the Source of all our Sorrow and Misfortunes, and which agree with the State of Disorder Men live in by their own fault.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here ;

And what is there reprehensible in these Wishes, or fanatical in these Ideas? Far from stifling these Desires, it is not enough to let them spring up and entertain them ; every Man ought, with a lively and constant Application, to endeavour with his utmost Power to draw as near as possible to so desirable a State ; and he renders himself culpable, in suffering himself to be seduced by idle Stories ~~that introduce Indifference to such~~ legitimate Wishes.

That never Air or Ocean felt the Wind ;
That never Passion discompos'd the Mind :

It is a Piece of Sophistry to put very different Things in a Parallel, as if they were alike ; and this Sophistry is so much the more illusory and contemptible, the more difference is found in things where Equality or Likeness is supposed.

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* RAIN is necessary, and consequently so are the Clouds; we see them form themselves with great Satisfaction. The Winds are also most useful: Natural Philosophy demonstrates it. Storms are to be fear'd, and fallen Man deserves to meet with Subjects of Terror.

A reasonable Man does not wish to see all the Passions extinct; he reaps an Advantage from them as long as they are subjected to Reason, and with this View he gives birth to and governs them.

But all subsists by elemental strife;
And Passions are the Elements of Life.

These Ideas are extremely Poetical. They came into *Ovid's* Head in his Description of the Chaos, and *Scarron* has adopted them. But natural Philosophy a part.

† The gen'ral ORDER, since the World began
Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*.

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* This is not conclusive against Mr *Pope*; for, if most Travellers have not deceived us, it seldom or never rains in *Egypt*. As necessary as Mr *Croufars* makes Rain and Clouds, we believe *Britain* and *Ireland* would be very well satisfied to have much less of both. Winds, no doubt are useful, since we have Rains and the Thick vapours they cause; but as to Storms, Tempests, and Hurricanes, they are possibly what Merchants never long for, and what this nation might very well be without. They would, indeed, be properly Subjects of Terror to wicked Men, did they not frequently hurt and destroy the Good.

† These beautiful Lines are thus translated in the *French*:
Et sans les Passions qui viennent l'agiter,
L'Homme, insensible à tout, pourroit-il subsister?

WHAT could one make of an Intelligent Being that should not love itself, and should be always indifferent to every thing whatever? But because very constant and very strong Inclinations are necessary, shall we conclude from hence that Man must also have such as are tumultuous and extravagant, such as one while animate to Justice and Compassion, and another time hurry on to Injustice and Cruelty?

What would this Man? now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angel, would be more;

A Man who finds the Lot of Sinners a very melancholy one, and is afflicted at the Remembrance of his past Faults, in the Dread of relapsing into them, as before, thinks nothing but what is just; and by these afflicting Ideas he puts himself in the right Road again. But he no way envies the Happiness of the holy Creatures, neither their Elevation nor their Strength. It is not to their Rank that he aspires; he would think himself happy to be very much below them, provided that his Obedience might be as complete as theirs.

Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.

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Made for his Use all Creatures if he call;

* Say what their Use, had he the Pow'rs of all?

Mr *Pope* makes himself merry in these Verses, and draws the Picture of a Madman that he may have the Pleasure of censuring him, and making his Censure fall upon Man in general; but such mere Madmen are very scarce, and I very much doubt whether there ever was one in this Degree.

Nature to these without Profusion kind;
The proper Organs, proper Powers assign'd;

By this Word *Nature*, we must visibly understand its Author; it is a Figure much in Vogue. † *Spinoza* made use of all his Metaphysick, to blend and confound the two Significations into one.

Each seeming want compensated of Course,
Here, with Degrees of Swiftneſs there of Force;
All in exact Proportion to the State;
Nothing to add and nothing to abate.
Each Beast, each Inſect, happy in its own,
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?

E 3.

Shall

* This Line runs thus in the Translation :

Serois-tu plus parfait, ſerois-tu plus heureux?

from which it is easy to judge of the rest.

† This is sily and undeservedly calling Mr *Pope* an Atheist.

Shall he alone, whom rational we call
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest'd with all ?

We have here the Picture of a Man that breaks
out into Extravagance : He is very much in
the wrong, but all do not resemble him.

The Bliss of Man (could Pride that Blessing find)
Is not to think or act *beyond* Mankind ;

Here Mr *Pope* seems to say a great deal in a
few Words, and yet he teaches us nothing ;
he assures us that to live *happy*, we must live
content, these Terms are synonymous ; and we
may say, with equal Right *, that to live
content we must be *happy* ; but Mr *Pope* shews
us the Way to be so. We shall † be *content*,
we shall be *happy*, if we can arrive at the
Point of being satisfied with the Presents of
Nature, without wishing for any Thing fur-
ther. But what must we understand by that
Nature, to which we ought to give all our
Attention, and by which it is fit we should
set Bounds to our Desires. Is it the Author

* This is mere chicane, injurious to Mr *Pope*, and unworthy the
Talents and Candour which the Critick has shewn upon some other
Occasions.

† This Consequence does not flow from Mr *Pope's* Words, tho'
they do from those of the Translator, who has turned Mr *Pope's* last
Line thus :

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of our Being? The Lesson is decisive; but as it is of very great Extent, it requires an exact Explanation.

THE Gifts, the Capacities which we have received from the Author of our Existence, his Presents, interior and exterior, are of two very different Kinds; one is common to all other Animals, the other raises us much above them. It would be ungrateful to give no Attention, either to one or other sort of these Presents; but the Fault would be much greater should we neglect the most excellent, to confine ourselves to the Animal Functions, and the Grossness of the Senses. Our Creator has rendered us capable of acquiring Knowledge, and conducting ourselves with Regularity: We therefore ought to advance in Understanding and Virtue. If we but put it to the Trial, we shall infallibly find that from thence springs our greatest Satisfaction.

IN vain would any Man oppose to this Truth, that the Acquisition of Knowledge and Perseverance in Virtue demands great Endeavours, and that those Endeavours are fatiguing: God exacts nothing from us but in Proportion to the Strength he has given us, and it is in the Exercise of that Strength that the greatest of our Comforts consist.

It is *Vanity* that labours and exhausts. As soon as a Man takes it in his Head to exceed others in Merit, their Progress disturbs him, and

and there is nothing but what he strives to undertake, in order to get before them. From thence proceed a Thousand unjust Steps, which carry a well deserved Punishment along with them.

BUT let us think, let us endeavour to cultivate our Talents, and enrich them in the Sight of God, with a View to his Approbation; let us be sensible of the Price of that Approbation; let us be attentive to it: That Price is infinite, and that of the Approbation of Men and their greatest Elogiums, vanishes in the Comparison between them. We find, by Experience, that to live after this Manner, is what we are greatly and gloriously designed for.

TO live in this Attention, is the Means of communicating a perfect Regularity to every Use of our Senses. If we open our Eyes we can never be weary of admiring, with Raptures, those Beauties which the divine Providence displays to our Sight; we could wish it in our Power to lend them our Ideas and our Sentiments, that they might be able to join with us in our Adorations and Acts of Thanksgiving.

THE Moment we think thus, we find no further Trouble to become moderate in Eating and Drinking, the Custom of much grosser Senses: We take what is necessary for preserving us in Health and Vigour; but we

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also take Care not to suffer ourselves to be seduced by Pleasures that take off the Attention, and blunt the Vivacity of the Understanding.

WE are moreover then above Envy and Malignity, and those Uneasinesses which are the natural Consequences of them. In whatever Rank we are placed, whether in respect of the Universe or regard to Society; we submit to it, and acquit ourselves, in the Presence of God, of those Functions which he requires of us, being well assured that we enjoy the whole Approbation of our great Master, when we fulfil what he demands.

I HAVE already made my Remarks, on the Use it becomes us to make of the Capacity we are in to enlighten ourselves in respect to Futurity.

I HAVE Pleasure in thinking that we should wrong Mr *Pope*, if, in regard to the Presents of Nature, in the Enjoyment of which he advises us to set Limits to ourselves, (and certainly we should extremely wrong ourselves) we understood what we have in common with the brute Animals; tho' what he has just said seems to lead that Way, and that his Picture of the *Indian* seems to have been drawn for that Purpose.

No Powers of Body or of Soul to share,
But what his Nature and his State can bear.

Were

Were we to limit this Advice to the Senses and the gross Gratifications and Pleasures we draw from them, the Order is quickly given, but the Practice of it is almost impossible, at least if it has not the Help of other Succours. If you give yourself up to the Pleasure of Eating and Drinking, your Health immediately suffers by it; if you refuse it, that Constraint is troublesome to you. What borders upon Excess never fails to pall the Taste, and to enjoy that Pleasure agreeably, Art upon Art must be added to Nature. Then great Incomes and Rents become necessary, and you have need of the Authority of Rank to maintain yourself in the Possession of Riches.

MR *Pope* has, according to his own Fancy, drawn the Portrait of an *Indian*, moderate and content. Mr *Bayle* has likewise given Representations of Persons without Religion, drawn at Pleasure and full of respectable Features; and to these, the better to arrive at his Point, he has opposed the Pictures of bad Christians by way of Contrast.

THE Savage must provide for his Nourishment, secure his Fields and his Provisions; he must make himself an expert and able Huntsman; he must run the Risk of falling into the Hands of his Enemies, and of being eat by them, when he is obliged to make Incursions abroad, for procuring those Slaves
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by Violence, which he will afterwards oblige
to serve him by Force.

Does not Mr *Pope* find the Savages to be
robbed, when he sees them robbed of their
Goods and their Repose by covetous, pitiless
Christians? A well regulated State of Society
would have put them under Cover from those
Pillages; but to how many Cares of Inequa-
lity and Dependence does he not expose the
State of Society? The Resignation of an en-
lightened and religious Heart, is a Fund of
Tranquillity against all the Traverses of For-
tune.

* Why has not Man a microscopic Sight?

For this plain Reason, Man is not a Mite:

Say what th' Advantage of so fine an Eye?

T' inspect a Mote, not comprehend the Sky:

Or Touch, so tremblingly alive all o'er?

To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore:

Or quick Effluvia darting thro' the Brain?

To sink oppress'd with Aromatick Pain.

If Nature thunder'd in his opening Ears,

And stunn'd him with the Musick of the Spheres,

How would he wish, that Heav'n had left him still

The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling Rill?

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,

Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

these Verses I acknowledge the Talents of
a

The *French* Translation of these Lines may be justly compared
the Dawbing of a Sign-Painter, copying from a *Vandyck* or a
Maler.

a Poet united to the Precision of a Philosopher, if we except *the Harmony of the Spheres in their Course*, which does not agree with what we now certainly know of the Nature of Sound, and the Causes that produce it. That Harmony of the celestial Spheres was one of the most chimerical Imaginations of Antiquity: It finds its Place in Verses calculated to strike the Mind by the Greatness of their Images; but all the * Harmony of these Verses is reduced to their Cadence.

Far as Creation's ample Range extends,
The Scale of sensual, mental Pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial Race,
From the green Myriads in the peopled Grass!

This Post of Honour, which was refused him in other Places, is assigned to him here, because it serves to embellish the Gradation. However Mr *Pope* forgets one of the greatest and most essential Rules laid down by Mr *Des Cartes* in his Method, which is to make exact Reviews, that we may be sure we have not advanced gratuitous Suppositions and that every Thing is self-consistent in the System. What I have so far examined might furnish

* Mr *De Crousaz* is not here much out of the Way in speaking of the *French Verses*; they are not even the Skeleton of Mr *Pope's*. If they are harmonious in the Critick's Ear, they rumble in our like a Parcel of empty Casks on a Dray driving up *Holborn-Hill*.

furnish me with several Examples of this Forgetfulness, and my Reader will be able to observe it hereafter himself, without any Assistance of mine.

What Modes of Sight betwixt each wide extreme;
The Mole's dim Curtain and the Lynx's beam :
Of Smell, the headlong Lions between,
And Hound, sagacious on the tainted green :
Of hearing, from the Life that fills the Flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal Wood :
The Spider's Touch how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each Thread and lives along the Line :
In the nice Bee, what Sense so subtly true
From pois'neous Herbs extracts the healing Dew,
How Instinct varies ! in the groveling Swine,
Compar'd half-reas'ning Elephant with thine.

Mr *Pope* opens a vast Field of Reflections without end ; we may return to them every Day and we ought to do so ; the habit of giving ourselves up to them does not make them lose any Thing of their Beauty or their Efficacy ; they elevate the Mind, they nourish it, they fill it with a solid Satisfaction and a lively Gratitude. To become more and more sensible of them, argues the Character of a fine Soul ; they are proper to extinguish in it the Taste of Superfluities. It depends upon Men alone to make a happy Experiment of them ; and there are few Subjects equally worthy to exercise the Fertility of

of so rich and so distinguished a Vein
*Mr Pope's, and * that of his Translator.*

'Twixt that, and *Reason*, what a nice Barrier,
 For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near :
 Remembrance, and Reflection, how ally'd ;
 What thin Partitions Sense from Thought divide :
 And middle Natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable Line !
 Without this just *Gradation*, could they be
 Subjected these to those, or all to thee ?

I find Obscurity in these last Verses, and
 am not astonished at it ; the Subject upon
 which it rolls is not sufficiently known.

The Pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all those Pow'rs in one ?

Here are Privileges well distinguished
 here is a Superiority well mark'd out ;
 would be a frightful Ingratitude to remain in-
 sensible of them, and it would be a very cri-
 minal Meanness to imagine ourselves upon
 Level with living Beings, over which the
 Creator has rais'd us in so high a Degree
 We find ourselves then under an indispensi-
 ble

Obligatio

* The Translator's Vein is, no doubt, fertile enough sometimes
 for it makes Mr *Pope* say many Things which he never thought of
 tho' not in this Place, which is the first of Mr *Pope's* that has met
 with the Commentator's entire Approbation ; notwithstanding the
 Beauty of the Original is quite lost in 23 Lines of *French*.

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Obligation to lead our Lives like reasonable Beings.

See, thro' this Air, this Ocean, and this Earth,
 All Matter quick, and bursting into Birth.
 Above, how high progressive Life may go ?
 Around, how wide ? how deep extend below ?
 Vast Chain of Being ! which from God began,
 Natures æthereal, human, Angel, Man,
 Beast, Bird, Fish, Insect ! what no-Eye can see,
 No Glafs can reach ! from Infinite to Thee.

Mr *Pope* comes back to his pompous Gradations, and gives a Proof that this Subject becomes inexhaustible, extends and makes itself admired in Proportion as we think of it. But when he adds ;

From thee to Nothing ! ——— On superior Pow'rs
 Were we to press, inferior Might on ours ;
 Or in the full Creation leave a Void,
 Where, one Step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd :
 From Nature's Chain whatever Link you strike
 Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the Chain alike.

And if each System in Gradation roll,
 Alike essential to the amazing whole ;
 The least Confusion but in one not all
 That System only, but the whole must fall.
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
 Planets, and Suns rush lawless thro' the Sky,
 Let ruling Angels from their Spheres be hurl'd
 Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
 Heav'n's whole Foundations from their Centre nod,
 And Nature tremble to the Throne of God.
 All this dread ORDER break—For whom ? For thee ?
 Vile Worm ! — O Madness ! Pride ! Impiety !

MR *Pope's* Physicks smell of the Poet, the most perfect Work is not that which by its Fragility, and nevertheless by its Duration notwithstanding that Fragility, declares a greater Dexterity in its Author: In Equality of Beauty and Usefulness, the Solid ought always to be preferred to the Subtile, and the Simple to the Compound.

MOREOVER, Experience does not at all agree with those pretended Dependencies and Connections, not one of which can be altered, but the whole must suffer, even to be entirely overturned. Mines may blow up Ramparts, Earthquakes may bury a City and its Territory under their own Ruins; Lightning may fall into a Magazine of Powder, shake a certain Extent of Ground about it, and throw down Houses and Walls; but at the Distance of a few Miles from thence, every Thing goes on its usual Way without any Disturbance. We change the Course of Rivers; we join Seas by new Canals; we level Mountains; we grub up old Forests and plant new ones; but yet the Earth pursues its old Course, and the Regularity of its Turning suffers no Alteration.

THE Comets, which traverse a Part of our Solar * Vortex, and plunge into it more

* *Des Cartes* Vortex's may, in time, become as mere Dreams and Chimeras as the Antients Harmony of the Spheres: They are now pretty much out of Date, and yet Mr *De Crousaz*, it seems, can build an Argument upon them against Mr *Pope*.

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or less, have never hastened or retarded the periodical Course of any one Year. We have sometimes observed Changes in the Satellites of the Planets, afterwards a greater Proximity than usual of another; but every Thing put itself in its former Order again, and those Alterations and Restorations have been explained by the constant Laws of Attraction, or Pressure, and Centrifuge and Centripete Force. The Return into Nothing, the Risk of a general Confusion, even to the very Throne of God, are Expressions infinitely exaggerated, by which the Poet proves the Power of his Verses to cast a Terror into the weak Imagination of his Readers.

What if the Fool, ordain'd the Dust to tread,
Or Hand to toil, aspire to be the Head?
What if the Head, the Eye or Ear, repin'd
To serve mere Engines to the ruling Mind?
Just as absurd, for any Part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral Frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the Task or Pains
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

This Reasoning is either without Force, or it supposes common Ideas of a certain Measure of Power given to the Mind, for directing the Motions of the Body.

IF the Sun, the Moon, and the other Parts of the Universe were intelligent and free Beings, and the Sun would according to its own Fancy lengthen or shorten the Night; if the

Moon, in its Turn, should take upon itself to regulate the Motions of the Sun; if the Clouds should only shower down Rain but as the Whim took them, and the Winds only blow but by Caprice, without any Attention to either the Utility or Prejudice the Earth might receive from them: Disorder would quickly succeed to that Order which now so wonderfully supports itself.

THE *Pagans* knew this Truth, and made it the Ground-Work of the Fable of the Farmer, to whom *Jupiter* gave the Power of distributing Sun-shine and Rain to his Fields just as he pleased.

KING *Alphonfus*, was not less mistaken, if what is said of him be true, in thinking that he could have given better Order to the Celestial Spheres, which his deceived Imagination supposed to be very different from what they really are.

* AND so, in Society, if every Man, instead of applying himself to the Functions suitable to his Rank, and keeping within the Limits of the Performance of his Duty, should amuse himself in criticizing the Government, if he should undertake to direct it, and employ all his Time and Attention that Way,
Disorders

* Notwithstanding all Mr *Crausaz's* Logick, this Argument smells more of the Slave than Mr *Pope's* Philosophy does of the Poet.

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Disorders would multiply with the same Pre-
sumption that gave Birth to them.

All are but Parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose Body *Nature* is, and *God* the Soul.

THESE Expressions are very Metaphorical,
and the Sense of them would be scandalous,
and exposed to the most frightful Consequen-
ces, should we understand them literally.

That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the Earth, as in th' æthereal Frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
Glow's in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,
As full, as perfect in a Hair, as Heart,
As full, as perfect in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraphim that sings and burns ;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all.

That is to say, that his Immenfity is
quite different from that of other Bodies, and
has neither the Grossness nor the Imperfections
of them.

Spreads undivided ; of this we have an I-
mage in the Space that contains all Bodies,
abandons and receives them successively,
without changing either Place or Nature, and
which, full or not full, is always the same.

Breathes

Breathes in our Soul, &c. We should make a criminal Abuse of these pompous Expressions, should we emancipate ourselves with *Spinoza* to confound the Substance of God with our own, and imagine to ourselves that the Substance of what we call *Creature* is the same with that of the Being to which we give the Name of *Creator*. They bethought themselves, say they, to give the Name of *Creatures* to the Modifications of the Only and Eternal Substance; whereas they ought to say, they unfortunately and criminally abused themselves, in giving to created Substances the Name of Modification of the eternal Substance.

It is not enough to think that the Substance of Creatures is quite distinct from that of God; we must add that he has given, especially to Intelligences, a real and different Activity from his own. To represent them to ourselves as Theatrical Machines, which seem to act, and yet do not act at all, but follow the sole Impressions of an exterior Agent, is it not to bring down the perfect, the happy, and most holy Being to such Operations? Could not his infinite Power extend itself so far as to form Beings with some Activity and some Power in themselves? They have not less Obligation to the All-good and All-powerful Being who has given them Existence and durable Force, if they receive both.

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both one and the other at each Instant; they have even more Obligation to him for it: The more we have received, the more we owe.

THIS being laid down, we read with more Satisfaction, and the Sense is more beautiful and clear, that, *he operates unspent, is, as full, as perfect in a Hair as Heart.* We shall find Details demonstrating this great Truth in the *Memoires de Mr De Reaumeur*, where he conveys to the Mind of his Readers, with that just Admiration in which he himself is, so great and so exact a Knowledge of the Cause.

*AS full, as perfect, in * vile Man that mourns, As the rapt Seraphim that sings and burns.* We, indeed, sometimes find in Persons of the lowest Rank, a Fund of Probity and Resignation that renders them respectable. Their Understanding and Knowledge are but of small Extent, but still sufficient for regulating their Conduct; firm and above all doubting, the Knowledge they have reigns in their Mind, and God reigns there by it.

THE more enlightened and more perfect intelligences, even in Degrees above our Enjoyment, will be charmed to see the infinite Goodness

* The Translator takes *vile* to signify *poor* and *wretched* as to worldly Circumstances, and therefore places the Man in a *Cbaumiere* (Cottage); after which he very gravely shews that a *poor* Man may sometimes have good Qualities; but, it seems, never such good ones as are enjoyed by the *Rich*.

Goodness of God drawing up towards their Elevation, what appears so contemptible on Earth; and, in this Respect, God has given Proofs of his almighty Power in the Apostles, so ignorant in the Beginning, but all on a sudden enlightened, the very Moment that the * Holy Ghost descended upon them in the Day of Pentecost.

WE find an Image in these Changes very worthy of Attention, in the Caterpillars, produced in a Class next to that of the most crawling Worms, and passing by Degrees to a Species very near that of Birds. It is in the same Manner that Man shall become like Angels.

TO him no high, no low, no great, no small; He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all. These Ideas are grand, tho' not equally clear; the Terms that declare them are proper to give an Air of Sublimity to the Verses in which they are made use of; they voluntarily present themselves to the Poet, he likes and adopts them. A Naturalist is not so easily pleased with them, and does not conceive it necessary that the Power of God should continually influence the Union of the

Parts

* As orthodox a Christian as Mr De Crousaz affects to shew himself, *Holy Ghost* is a Term he does not seem fond of using; for where it naturally occurs he commonly expresses it by the *Spirit of God*.

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Parts that compose the Universe. They have no Tendency of themselves to separate and ramble from one another ; for they have nothing but what they have received, and if God by an Act of his Power determines and makes them tend to separate and distance themselves from one another, why, by a second Act, does he oppose the Effect of the first, and reduce it to nothing?

Cease then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name :
Our proper Bliss depends on what we blame.

This is very true of physical Events, to which Providence gives Birth, and which are the Effects of it ; and all *weak* as *our Sight* is, Experience often convinces us of it. Order demands such Events either for punishing, or for correcting and amending Sinners, and for trying the Patience of the Good, and procuring a new Lustre to their Virtues.

BUT let us take Care not to reckon the vicious Actions of Men, and their evil Habits, in the Number of what compose Order. It is true however that the Power of God knows how to draw good from them : But he that could give Existence to what was not, can likewise make the most beautiful Order succeed the greatest Disorder. He does not cause that Disorder that he may have an Opportunity to repair it. It is due to the Blindness

ness of Men, to their evil Inclinations, and the Malice of the *Demon* that seduces them; but God draws Means from it to advance his Designs, and confound the criminal Intelligences that oppose them.

IT is not God that swells the Hearts of Men with that Ambition, that Envy, and at last that Fury which makes them reciprocally labour each other's Destruction; but he abandons them to themselves, and to their condemnable Passions, to punish them equally by the Hands of one another: They are, in the Hand of God, Instruments that execute his just Decrees, without proposing that Design to themselves.

Know thy own Point: This kind, this due Degree
Of Blindness, Weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit ——— in this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the Hand of one disposing Pow'r
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour.

The Heart delivers itself up to the Magnificence of these Verses, and the great Hopes to the Idea of which they give Birth, and which the Poet orders us to expect with the firmest Certainty.

By this Expectation we effectually answer, not the simple Hopes which a Man makes us conceive, but those to which our great and almighty Master invites us. But here we ought

* We are
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ought to take great Care not to delude ourselves by accepting only what we like, and refusing what we think troublesome. It is absolutely necessary to submit our Mind and our Heart, and consequently our Conduct.

Now I ask Mr *Pope* on these comforting Ideas, Whether he entered into them without the Help of Religion? If his natural Light conducted him, why will he have it that the Indian could not instruct himself by the same Means? and if he has not vouchsafed to do it, will his Neglect excuse all the Absurdities of his Imagination, and all Irregularities of his Conduct?

THIS Passage is very important. Mr *Pope* and his * elegant Translator would be sorry to throw their Readers into dangerous Illusions. Men give easily into them; they love to flatter themselves: In the Quality then of a zealous Commentator, I am going to drive away all Equivocation.

IF the Submission of the Mind and the Heart, which Mr *Pope* requires, is a Submission of Obedience, a Submission to the Laws, which implies an assiduous Study of those Laws, an Affection of Heart to conform to them, and, in fine, an Attentive and

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* We are persuaded that, could every Man in *Britain* read this elegant Translator, Mr *Pope's* Reputation would be ten thousand times greater in his Country than it is already. The *French* Translator is to the *English* Poet, as a Mole-Hill to Mount Atlas.

circumspect Conduct ; it is a legitimate Foundation of happy Hopes.

BUT if the Submission of the Mind and the Heart, recommended by Mr *Pope*, as the Road that leads to a blessed Eternity, is no more than to behold all that we see doing and all that we do, with a constant Tranquillity ; if it is no more than a sort of Indolence, not to be disturb'd at the Actions of others, nor to be alarm'd at what we do ourselves ; it is a Security that tends to the overthrow of Morality and Religion.

IT is, nevertheless, the most reasonable Side we could chuse, in the Supposition that *God operates equally in all*, in the Virtuous and the Vicious. But still in this Case, Discontent and Submission would keep equal Pace ; He that condemns and contradicts, would not be more guilty than the Man that approves and acquiesces.

IF Men do not determine of themselves, if all their Liberty is reduced to mere Appearance, or to be really susceptible of the Impressions of a Cause of Action, different from them, which they do not perceive, and which goes so far as to make them believe they act themselves ; nothing is more superfluous than to give them Advice. Whatever they happen to do, their Conduct is good ; and we cannot judge otherwise of

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of it, without imputing the Evil to the supreme Cause.

FROM all which I conclude, that the Verses upon which I have just made these Reflections, are altogether edifying in the Mouth of a good Man: but they give Scandal and appear profane in that of a vicious Person.

If we ask Mr *Pope*; from whence comes it, Sir, that the Desire of *Immortality*, which, a while ago, appear'd to you to be the Effect of the Pride and Impatience of Man, is now celebrated in your Verses? Will he answer, that to shew the Fruitfulness of his Vein he praises what he has blamed, or that he has since received new Light.

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see.

This signifies that the Universe is not directed by a Cause that has no Knowledge of what it does; but Man has not Light and Knowledge extensive enough to see and comprehend in what manner all its Movements are executed.

WE don't in the least impute to Chance, any Effect that is not above the ordinary Strength of the Cause that produced it; which that Cause has seen and produced such as it proposed to itself.

BUT, for Example, when a Man stretches out his Hand before him, behind, to the Right or the Left, he, in that respect, does what he does, and he does what he will ; but when his Fingers seize a white or a yellow Ball, it is not the effect of his Choice, and may be found very contrary to what he designed. Then this Event is attributed to Chance, that is to say to a Cause that would act but did not see how the Action would end.

NOTHING like this ought to be imputed to the supreme Intelligence. It has distinct Ideas of every thing it designs, and precisely executes every thing it designs. The Reasons why it makes Choice of one Effect rather than of another, produces it in one determined time rather than before or after, makes it such as we see it rather than in another Form ; the Reasons, in short, why the supreme Intelligence permits, retards, or entirely hinders, the Execution of some Designs that do not surpass the ordinary Force and Power of Man ; those Reasons are often above our Penetration, and, for the most part, when we venture to form Conjectures upon them, if they are not rash they are not the less uncertain.

All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
All partial Evil, universal Good :

W H E

WHEN Disorder is a moral Disorder by which Man violates the Laws which God has prescribed to him, or that his Conscience prescribes in his Name, it is effectually a real Disorder, tho' the Wisdom and Power of God makes it succeeded by an Order that re-establishes things in a just Situation. But that Order, the mere Effect of the Wisdom and Power of God, does not bring its Rise from Disorder, which by itself contributes nothing whatever to it.

THE Faults of Man are not then a particular Good for him that commits them, nor a Universal Good that influences over that of the Totality.

MR *Pope* has lately given us, in the Confusion that would have happen'd in a Man, whose different Members, instead of fixing themselves to the Discharge of the Functions for which they are design'd, would undertake those belonging to others; he has, I say, in that Confusion given us an Image of the Disorder which takes place in human Society, in proportion as the Men that compose it, stray from the Task assigned them, to disturb that of others.

I AM not ignorant that a certain * Order of Men, who think themselves superior Wits, have taken it into their Heads to display

* We suppose he means the Jesuits.

play the Advantages which the Vices of Men procure to Society, these are Sophisms of which the ingenious Author of *l'Alcyphon* has fully shewn the Ridiculousness and Falshood. Mr Bayle likewise lean'd very much on that Apology for Vice; but I shall not repeat here the Remarks I made in the Examination of *Pyrrhonism*.

As to the rest, if we happen to find some Imperfections in what environs us, it is not solely our Fault. Mr Pope himself puts us in Mind of it, when he asks, *is nothing perfect here below?*

EVEN among Physical Events, which God gives Birth to, either immediately or mediately, there are some that draw off from the primitive Order, but their Birth ought to be imputed to the Fault of Men, who deserve to be advertised that they are guilty, by several Confusions designed to strike them with Terror, that they may correct and mend their Lives.

And spight of Pride, in erring Reason's spight,
One Truth is clear, " Whatever Is, is Right."

I had rather say, *without listening to the Insinuations of thy Self-Love, and its Inclination to a deceitful Repose, conclude that, in Men, there is a great deal of Evil to correct.*

THERE is nevertheless one Sense, in which we may say that *All is well*. A most holy
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and most respectable Order reigns over Men ; this is a settled Truth. He that seeks God, and places his Delight in obeying him, will find what he seeks after, and infinitely beyond what his Understanding is now in a Condition to comprehend. He that turns his Back upon his Creator, that neglects to obey him, and perseveres in his Disobedience, will not meet with the Happiness destined for him that knew his Duty and discharged it. Void of Content, a Prey to Restlessness, to vain Regrets and Reproaches as devouring as just, he will find the Consequences of the Part he made Choice of. It is thus that *Justice* and *Goodness* will reign, and it is thus that the Order shall be re-established that Men have overturned. Each will find the Lot to which he devoted himself. *Affliction and Despair in such as give themselves up to Evil ; Glory and Peace to every Man that did well ;* it is thus that Order will reign, and these are Decrees of the Eternal Goodness, Justice, and Wisdom, that never will be revoked.





